

Correspondence.

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NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 23, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—On Saturday of last week Randall Douglass came to the college from the city, where he has entered into partnership with one of the leading photographers, to take a view of the students. The view was taken in front of our handsome chapel, the high arched arcade and stained-glass windows of which furnished a splendid background for the group of lounging students. The first view was taken without anything occurring to spoil it, but, as a dutiful historian, I feel it incumbent upon myself to tell what happened while the second one was being taken, even though it may furnish a text for "Deaf and Dumb Girl" to preach against us. A young colored woman passed directly between us and the camera. Douglass' back was turned towards us, so that he did not see what was passing. Some of the students yelled out to her to keep away, but she simply walked on, staring at us as if she was wondering what on earth we were doing. It was too much for us. We, one and all, burst out laughing, and one of the students nearly fell from his place. Never was there such a commotion produced among young men as by this sable beauty. Douglass turned to close the view. By this time the colored woman was several feet away. The looks of mingled surprise and dismay which chased each other on his face, at the sight of the confusion among the students, only increased the general laughter. Then the flush of anger passed over his face. Not being able to understand the meaning of such conduct, he imagined that the students were making fun of him; but we hastened to remove that impression. Then none laughed more heartily than Mr. Douglass, and heavened himself by a hit at the expense of the students. He said he would keep the view as an evidence of how easily they could be thrown into excitement by the mere sight of a member of the fair sex. Now, "Wisconsin Graduates," I have furnished you with a quiver for your bow. Do with it what you will.

Hammer, of '81, who has written so many entertaining articles for the JOURNAL under the nom de plume of "Rambling Soph," tells the following story concerning himself:

Once, while working on a paper in Tennessee, a middle-aged gentleman, whose name, by the way, was John Knott, came to the office to apply for work. Happening to see Mr. Hammer bustling about, he addressed him orally. Mr. Hammer replied, in the same way, that he could not hear, whereupon the visitor spoke a little louder than before. Mr. Hammer repeated that he could not hear, and added that if he desired him to understand what was wanted he must write it. The stranger answered more loudly than before. Mr. Hammer, upon looking around, saw everybody, from the editor down to the "devil," laughing heartily at the scene, and, in anger, he dashed off these words on paper, "I am deaf." The stranger read the paper over calmly, and then wrote the answer, "So am I." That was the climax. Let us draw the curtain on the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that Mr. Knott got a good job, and he may be still there for all that I know to the contrary.

The seniors and their room-mates attended a reception at President Gallaudet's house last week. The evening passed off pleasantly.

Everybody will be sorry to hear that our president is ill, though not dangerously so. If he were to die his place would not be easily filled. We hope he may be spared to us for many years yet. We all heard during the summer that he was past sick he had been, but we did not learn the particulars. He told me personally that for two weeks he was deprived of hearing of his senses, taste, smell, and hearing. His power of speech was also affected, and he could scarcely speak. But, thank Heaven, that is past. When I remarked how strange a coincidence it was that one who had given his whole life to the deaf and dumb should have become like them for a fortnight, he smiled, saying, "It was a strange coincidence indeed."

One of the students recently wrote me a letter in which he repeated a reformer that thought a half a man he has a vote, and he said that if he would give him to Boston and back to him. He added, by way of consolation, that he would not be Massachusetts at a time he expected every one of her constituents; that he had contracted admiration for the virtue man who combined in person the ruling qualities of a parties; who was a friend to the "privileged class" to smother millions; who was a chameleon in politics, assuming the colors of every political organization which he happened to address for the time-being. The reply of the General was strikingly characteristic of his shrewdness, which has passed almost into a proverb. After thanking his youthful admirer for his offer, he declined it, as the money which would be necessary for his expenses would relieve several poor workmen who needed it more than he did.

John G. Saxton has gone to New York to attend the wedding of Miss App, his former teacher.

Shaw, of '81, went home last week

to vote in Ohio. He cast his vote for Foster.

In describing the difference between the quick versatile genius of Dryden and the slow, patient genius of Pope, a senior said, in a recitation upon English literature, "Dryden excelled in a 100-yards dash, and Pope in a one-mile run."

Thomas F. Fox, of New York, is the latest arrival, and he entered the freshman class, but not without conditions. Well may he be proud of the distinction of being the first one within four years to be admitted to that class. He may also enjoy the distinction of being the last one. The New York Institution has at last a representative worthy of its reputation, which stands deservedly high.

Another arrival came from Florida, that land of flowers and alligators. He was asked upon his entry into this college if he carried any alligators in his pockets. He is styled that member from "Alligatorville," just as another student, famous for the thickness of his head, is called that member from "Idiotville." In general, the Florida gentleman bears himself with so much good nature, and so much good humor, that he is rather liked than otherwise.

There was a new student, who refused to be admitted to the advanced preparatory class, preferring to go into the lower class, on the plea that he wanted more time for reading; for which he has a morbid passion. In a few months, if he goes on reading as he has begun, without taking any exercise, he will be laid in his grave. A taste for reading is one to be praised rather than blamed, yet when carried to excess it cannot be too severely condemned. There is a time for everything, for studying, for reading, and for play. A sound mind in a sound body (*Sanamus in corpore sano*) is a saying as old as it is true. Who has not read the melancholy story of Henry Kirke White, whose poetic genius, just budding, was buried in an early grave? Had he been more wise, and taken better care of his body, he would have lived long enough to win a proud place in literature, and to be ranked high above many of those who now fill lofty niches in the temple of fame.

STUDENT.

GORHAM ABBOTT ON BOND'S PAPER.

LAKE VILLAGE, N. H., Oct. 22, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Please allow me space to say a few words in your paper regarding my endorsement of the Leader. When I first received a copy (I believe No. 14) I was much pleased with it, and wrote to the editor to that effect. The next number of the Leader which reached me annoyed me exceedingly, asserting that I was "associate editor of the Lake Village Times," a statement for which he had no authority whatever.

His attacks upon the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, the best friend the mutes can have, sink him below contempt, and I must withdraw my approbation of the paper, and it seems to me that the sooner it sinks into oblivion the better.

No one acquainted with Dr. Gallaudet can doubt for a moment his unselfish interest in deaf-mutes. His life has proved it. A more genial, kinder friend than he is they will look for in vain. A jovial Christian than he is hardly in New York city, and Bond's attacks upon him are scurrilous, but, coming from the source they do, they are powerless for injury. Dr. Gallaudet lives in an atmosphere far above such low abuse.

Bonds allusion to God, our Father, are insulting to the Maker and Ruler of all. Dr. Gallaudet can rest assured that there are few deaf-mutes who, if they understand the matter, will not resent any insult offered him by the Leader.

Mr. Bond asserts one truth when he says "Mr. Abbott acts independently and without fear." I write this in the "entire control of my mental faculties." I am not associate editor of an "obscure paper" in New Hampshire, but am connected with an influential country newspaper, and have the credit of "understanding my business." So, Mr. Editor, please allow me to retract my recommendation of the Leader, and believe me

Your well-wisher,
GORHAM D. ABBOTT.

ASKING TOO MUCH FOR SELF-BENEFIT.

STAMFORD, CONN., Oct. 22, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I hope your readers will not consider it an intrusion if I write a few lines for your paper, which I am always anxious to read.

I have been very much interested for the past few weeks in "Deaf and Dumb Girls" articles, and "Student's" reply, and hope they will not think it profitable to do as "Minnehaha" advises, but keep it up for my especial benefit.

Mr. George E. Fisher has recently visited me and claimed to have had a nice visit, and I can assure him that I enjoyed it as much as he did, and hope he will visit me again some time.

A few days ago a deaf and dumb gentleman called here to see my sister, and proved to be very pleasant and agreeable. His home is in Boston. If I were "Geraldine" I should make "Rambling" hand over that tatty in double quick haste, and if she does so she will act on friendly advice.

That your paper may continue successful is the wish of

A SCHOOL GIRL.

Readers, if you like to promote lying, slander, and self-conceit shamelessly, patronize that gas-bag of Brooklyn of which Bond is the blower.

The National Convention.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—My first article on the above subject not having met with the approval of Mr. Fox and your "friend," allow me a little space by way of explanation, &c. But first let me say that I have no predilections either way, and it would suit me equally as well to have the convention in Maine, Minnesota, or California as in Ohio. I, however, like to see fair play, and it was to that end that I took up my pen.

Now, if Mr. Fox will carefully read over my article he will see that I did not profess to speak for "all the deaf-mutes" of Ohio. I simply gave a fair count of the vote so far as cast, and expressed my opinion that the best interests of the convention could be secured by holding it in some central locality. If he chooses to think such central locality lies in Ohio all right, much obliged, and I thank him, but I did not say so. As to his not being able to comprehend "New Yorkers shouting New York, &c." let me explain.

Suppose Mr. Fox was running for some office, no matter where or when, would not common courtesy compel him either to remain silent and humble during the discussion of the merits of the different candidates, and while the vote was being cast, or cast his vote for his competitor? What would the voters whose suffrages he was soliciting think of him if he should get up and sing his own praises, and vote for himself? It is the same with States as with individuals. If New York is the proper place to hold the convention there are plenty outside of it who will say so, and if they do, all right. Mr. Fox will not find a single word of praise of Ohio in my article or any article from Ohio, so far, but if he will look over the file of the JOURNAL for the past three or four months I am very much mistaken if he does not find New York nominating herself, voting for herself, and singing her own praises more than once.

As to my being prejudiced against New York deaf-mutes, are not such utterances as "W. S." calculated to prejudice any one outside of the State against them unless they rise up, as one man, and repudiate them? And to prove that I and others have grounds for our prejudice, and that all the mutes of New York are not intelligent, fair-minded, and willing to lose fair play, but that, on the contrary, some of them are conceited, narrow-minded, and have an exalted idea of their own importance, let Mr. Fox and all the readers of the JOURNAL take up the last number of that paper, (No. 42, October 16th,) turn to the second page, and look at the second paragraph, from the bottom of the first column of the Itemizer. There will be found the following:

"He (Mr. McGregor) complains that the mutes of the Empire State are continually screaming for New York, forgetting that if they (the New Yorkers) were not generous no Ohioan could be heard in the convention."

There it is again. O! somebody help me! I am going to faint! Do you hear that, ye mutes of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, and the rest? It is only by the generosity of New York that you are to be heard at all in the convention! Down, down on your knees all of you, and humbly beg for a little of this amazing generosity or—stay at home.

Further comment is unnecessary. Is not this enough to prejudice any one against the mutes of New York if they vindicate or, by their silence, assent to, such things? It makes no difference where such utterances come from, be it New York, Ohio or any other State. They infallibly betray the spirit which animates the writers, and deserve to be denounced, and were they to come from Ohio I would be one of the first to spew them out and utterly repudiate them for my part. Let us have fair play, a generous rivalry, and a fair count, but no arrogance, self-assertion, and domineering.

Again, in the same paragraph, "a friend" says the New York delegation will see to it that I get no office! Dear me! What a terrible threat. But, my dear friend, please remember that the convention is not yet an assured fact, and never will be if the New York delegation presumes to dictate in advance who shall and who shall not have a voice in it, where it shall be held, and who shall or shall not be officers. Above all, dear friend, don't worry yourself about me. I am only one in a thousand, and have no hankering after any office with the gift of the convention, and even if it is held right here in Cincinnati I shall not be there at all unless the New York delegation, for whom you appear to speak, comes down from its high and lofty horse, and deigns to meet us all on a footing of equality. Please bear in mind, also, that we are talking about a national convention, and that New York is not the nation (with a big N), but only a very small part of it.

Hoping the convention will be a success, and entirely free from the spirit of which I "complain," here is my hand to all fair-minded New Yorkers.
R. P. MCGREGOR.
Cincinnati, O., Oct. 22, 1879.

—The Postmaster-General has ordered that an actual count be made in all the post-offices of the United States, from the 1st to the 7th of November, of all letters, packages, postal cards, etc., deposited for transmission in the United States mail. Publishers of newspapers are requested to furnish postmasters with the number of papers mailed by them within the limits of the time specified.

—Love for the dead should not cramp our duty to the living.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

MONTHLY SOCIABLES, AUDIPHONE, AND INSTITUTION NOTES.

The first sociable of the present school year was enjoyed by the nine upper classes Tuesday evening, October 21st, a week later than has been customary. The occasion had been eagerly anticipated by those who were to participate in it. Promptly at 7 p. m. the boys, donned in their best, marched over to the girls' play-room, where such entertainments are usually given, and were met by their fair companions. After the usual salutations had been exchanged the amusements began to reign supreme. Dancing and such games as took the fancy of the present were kept up until half-past nine o'clock, when refreshments were served. Then followed a prayer by one of the officers, after which the assembly broke up. For the benefit of those not familiar with the manner in which the sociables are conducted at the institution here, an explanation will perhaps be of interest.

Before the practice of giving monthly entertainments was inaugurated the only opportunities offered pupils by which they could come together sociably were during the holidays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, Washington's birthday, and the annual picnic. On these occasions the crowding together into one room of nearly 500 persons made it so uncomfortably unpleasant as to greatly mar the pleasures of the evening. Hence, in order to overcome the difficulties, and at the same time allow all an equal chance to spend a social, pleasant evening, Superintendent Fay, ever on the *qui vive* for something new, and having the welfare of the pupils under his charge at heart, set about, and introduced the present mode of entertainment. Thus, aside of the usual holiday festivities, the pupils are permitted to spend at least three evenings of each school year, socially together for a few hours. By this change the school life of the pupils, always tedious and tiresome, by its many duties and restraints, eases some of its weariness, and partakes more of home with its numerous social surroundings and pleasures. At the same time, such entertainments are the means of inculcating in the pupils how to conduct himself when, under like circumstances, he is forced to mingle among speaking people, where often he is at a loss just what to say and do, and hence he cannot appreciate such gatherings. To provide ample space during the entertainments, the pupils are divided into three divisions corresponding with the first, second, and third stories of the wing set apart for the classes, and more familiarly known here as the A, B, and C floors. The first division contains the nine classes located in the third story, the second, or middle division comprises the classes in the second story, seven in number, and the third division, also containing seven classes, is on the ground floor, and is made up of pupils, the youngest in attendance. While attending its sessions, members of the legislature are frequently seen in attendance at these sociables, and they seem to take as much pleasure in the amusements going on as those who participate in them.

THE AUDIPHONE.

A reporter of the Columbus Democrat, not long ago, evidently had pressed for an item for his paper, stated that the audiphone man had been at the institution, and had worked his instrument upon a number of pupils with remarkable success. The newspaper man even went so far as to say that in the near future deaf-mute institutions would be a thing of the past, as the audiphone would accomplish all that they are now doing. Just how the reporter became possessed of so much information the writer is unable to comprehend unless it was by plagiarizing an article from the Indianapolis Journal of a couple of weeks ago, in which such glowing accounts were given of the wonderful effects the audiphone had worked upon the pupils of the Indiana Institution, and, after changing a few words, made it apply to the Ohio Institution. But the simple fact is that no experiments with the instrument were tried upon the pupils here until yesterday afternoon. A lady of this city who uses the ear trumpet, hearing of the wonderful merits claimed for the audiphone, purchased one, with the hopes that it would be of still greater benefit to her. However, it proved to her only a grand "ten-dollar fraud." The lady kindly allowed it to be taken to the institution yesterday, and Mr. Fay experimented with it upon a dozen or more persons, some being totally deaf, while others possessed different hearing capabilities. The conclusion arrived at by those who tried it was that the instrument should justly be called an audifraud. In testing it Mr. Fay had the persons upon whom it was worked close their eyes so that the motion of the lips of the person talking could not be observed. The universal verdict of those who came under its test, and who were able to hear partially, was that they failed to derive any benefit from its use, and some being unable to distinguish sound any better with it, while several others said they could hear better without it. Of those who were totally deaf not one said he could obtain any idea of what sound was through its medium. And all these were mutes above the average in intelligence! Hence comments as to the value of the instrument to benefit the mute are unnecessary. A laughable trick was played with the instrument upon a young lady. After the first trial, Mr. Fay asked her if she had heard anything. Upon saying that she did a little, she was requested

to close her eyes again, but nothing was spoken. When she had opened them the second time, and had been asked if she had heard anything, she gave the same answer as before—"a little." Of course there was a broad smile on the faces of those who had observed the incident, and it goes to show of what power imagination is!

NOTES.

The number of pupils in attendance at this date is, boys, 237, girls, 185—total 422, of whom 40 are new-comers. A new \$1,100 center range has been placed in the kitchen. It is of a recent improved patent, and will help to facilitate matters in that department. A new refrigerator, for the better preservation of meat, vegetables, etc., has also lately been added to the cooking department.

The last of the absent teachers, Miss Dare, arrived last Saturday. One of the boys, Yeagley by name, while in the act of jumping from a post, fell, and broke his right arm.

COLUMBUS.

Columbus, O., Oct. 25, 1879.

A REPLY TO "ROUND ROBIN."

MR. EDITOR.—Your correspondent, "Round Robin," in your issue of October 9th, takes a good deal more for granted, according to my ideas, than is reasonable. Last summer was not the regular year for holding the convention of the New England Gallaudet Association, and hence it was out of order, not to mention the fact that the Empire State Association held one in Buffalo, and no one wants two conventions in a year, much less in a summer. It is a noticeable fact that of all the appeals in the JOURNAL that a convention be held last summer, not one, if I remember correctly, had the writer's name appended to it. I see nothing strange in Mr. Tillinghast's silence in regard to the *anonymous* communications on the matter, and I dare say that any questions asked by persons who are not afraid to put their real names to them will be promptly answered. People, especially interested ones, are quick to form conclusions, whatever action has been or may be taken at the indignation meetings of which "Round Robin" speaks. Mr. Tillinghast's mode of procedure in postponing the convention is not unprecedented, the same thing having been done by his predecessor on a larger scale. President Tillinghast will get call a convention, and that at no distant day, but if I know him, as I think I do, he won't do it in winter. Any one who knows President T. will laugh at the insinuation that he cannot deliver the usual address in signs. He needs no training, as "Round Robin" knows very well from long personal acquaintance with him. "Round Robin" has had many transactions with him, if I mistake not, much to his own pecuniary benefit, and this slur is ungenerous, to say the least. "Round Robin" may rest assured, and so may those for whom he says he speaks, that when the day comes for President T. to face his constituents they will get a clear, vigorous, and satisfactory (satisfactory to all but a few interested parties) statement of facts. That he will satisfactorily account for the five hundred dollars, which but for him would now be in the Industrial Home, where it never had any legal right to be, and where it is now not likely ever to be, for two reasons: First, it does not belong there; second, the Home does not want it, practically does not need it. A lawyer, although not a Philadelphia one, has pronounced matters all straight. The money is invested, draws interest, and is in honest hands, as any one can satisfy himself or herself by personal application. Mr. Tillinghast is a clear-headed business man, and not easily deceived, as "Round Robin" ought to know, and is a solid, substantial citizen, respected and honored where he resides, and it is absurd to suppose that whatever steps he took to save the legacy of Miss Morrison from misappropriation—steps for which he will be most heartily thanked some day—he did not avail himself of good legal advice. It is also absurd to suppose that the executor of Miss Morrison's estate will deliver the money to President Tillinghast without good and sufficient authority.

In the face of all this, I submit that these slurs, insinuations, and anonymous communications cease, and the parties who want to know all about it come out under their true colors, and show their faces as if they do not President Tillinghast will hold his peace until the next convention meets, and will then cause his detractors and abusers to hide their diminished heads. During my trip east last summer I bore the matter in mind, and made a thorough investigation, and for whatever assertions I have made I have undoubted authority, authority to which even "Round Robin," with all his intense self-interest in the matter, his personal dislike of Mr. T., and his anxiety, for obvious reasons, that the legacy in question should go to the Industrial Home, would have to say "Amen." So long as President T. stands on the solid ground he now occupies it matters little what action is taken by indignation meetings; it matters less how many incendiary and prejudicial letters are written and scattered broadcast, and to no effect are such futile tricks as "Round Robin's" letter to bring him out.

I greatly underrate "Round Robin's" acquaintance with the matters whereof he speaks, if he does not know more of them than he would have us think, and he knows, quite fully, that the case is by no means as he has stated. "Round Robin" cannot well be ignorant of the fact that arrangements are in progress for another convention. It was a patent fact when I was in the East, and that he does not live in the

backwoods is evident from many things in his letter.

I have intruded sufficiently upon your space, Mr. Editor, and now if "Round Robin" will come out over his true name he will get all the satisfaction he is entitled to; otherwise no further attention will be paid to him or his insinuations. Knowing what I do, I could not help taking up the cudgel in President Tillinghast's defense, although I do not know as he will thank me for it, and although I know he is perfectly able to defend himself, only declining to do so until he knows who his enemy is.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN.

Rome, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1879.

FROM HIM WHO WANTS A FEMALE DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 25, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Allow me to enlarge "Rambling Soph's" ideas in regard to the subject which he has ventured to argue in your paper. The reason why I should write about it is that I hope, or rather believe, that the deaf-mute girls will see to it that we are trying to guard their rights.

Well, I begin the subject with the mind. What is it that we, both males and females, wish to improve? It is the mind. Is this a thing monopolized by any class of society? God forbid! It is the heritage with which He has endowed all the children of the great family of man. It is not more true that all people possess the same natural senses and organs than that their minds are endowed with the same capacities for improvement, though not, perhaps, all in the same degree. Mind does not only acquaint them with the world's wonders, histories, news, etc., but also guides them in the world. Its necessities should be supplied.

Yes, woman used to be considered man's inferior; but now it has been found out that females are equal to males in intellectual powers. The condition of the present inhabitants of this country is very different from that of their forefathers. These, who were generally divided into small societies or tribes, had few relations of amity with surrounding tribes, and their thoughts and interests were confined very much within their own little territories and rude habits. But now, however, every one sees himself a member of one vast civilized society, which covers the face of the world, and no part of the earth is indifferent to him. From this fact, there should be a college established for the silent girls. Would that do? If not why should there not be one since both women and men have the same desire for knowledge? We should not make the least opposition against the desire of the girls for a good education or human rights. The "glow of composition" is indeed a most desirable state. When we first address ourselves to the examination of such a difficult subject all may be dark as midnight, and we have no power to do anything with it; but, after all, what will become of it in the sequel? We make life a fact, not an inspiration. What will come of it? Where will be the end? Is there no great idea to be revealed which shall refresh our humanity? Assuredly there is. I know that some intelligent girls who study at my alma mater can take a full course. Many women can write out inspirations, and cast them like the leaves of Sibil.

What is a seed? It is the future harvest. What is this field before us? It is all that we can make of it by industry, by effort, by vigor, and by enterprise. Let, therefore, some benefactor settle this subject in his own mind that he should furnish an edifice for the higher education of the females, and let him try it effectually before he is allowed to call upon Hercules. If any one thinks it will cost too much to furnish such a thing, will it be of as much value as its useful productions? Surely not. I need not go into an argument to prove this fact, as many of your intelligent readers perhaps know well of its necessity. Let this subject be considered, and be recorded on a new leaf of its history. Who would be willing to pass such a proposition unnoticed?

Before bringing this to a close I wish to say a few words to the silent females who, naturally, desire such a thing. Girls, I wish you would share your opinions on the subject, and tell us if it is the general desire of the gentler sex for such a thing.

Yours truly,
DEFENDER.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOE TURNER.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—Yesterday the writer conducted a sign-combined service with the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in St. Paul's Church. There was a good attendance of deaf-mutes, many of whom came from a distance. One of them, Mr. Ehle, of Fort Plain, asked me about Mr. Pickens, of Virginia. While in Rome I could not do anything, not only on account of the rector being sick, but also because Principal Nelson, an Episcopalian, was so very busy preparing his annual report to be submitted to the trustees to-morrow. He said he would be pleased if I could change the time. I replied that my appointments were made, and could not be changed.

I go to New Haven, via New York, to-night. Yours sincerely,
JOE TURNER.

Miss Nellie Franklin, of Philadelphia, Pa., arrived at Fairbault on Saturday, October 18th, for the purpose of filling the vacancy in Miss Ella D. Clapp's class at the deaf-mute institution there.

PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.

THE INDUSTRIAL HOME.

MR. EDITOR.—Much has been said one way and another about the Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes, in Beverly, Mass., and a good deal of fun has been made of it, and also it has received a good share of abuse and insinuation.

Having been there twice, and had a very good opportunity to ascertain facts, I propose to give them in your columns for the satisfaction of all concerned. The farm contains over fifty acres, is delightfully situated near tide water, and its highest elevation commands a splendid view of the surrounding towns and country. The building, originally rather roomy, which is occupied as a dwelling, has been enlarged by the addition of another story, the work being done by the inmates and employees of the Home under the direction and with the assistance of Mr. William B. Swett, the present superintendent, who is an experienced carpenter, thus costing the institution only the lumber and nails. The farm was in an excellent state of cultivation. A fine crop of hay was being gathered and stored in the large barn attached to the premises, and large fields of corn, potatoes, and garden stuff could be seen all over the place. Competent management was apparent everywhere. There were six inmates at the time of my visit, who would otherwise be out of work and suffering, and they were busy and cheerful. Mr. Swett originated the idea of the Home, and has thus far carried it out successfully, aided by a board of managers and the subscriptions of a charitable public. The farm, as he told me, was partly paid for, and mortgaged on very easy terms for the balance. At the rate things were going, the farm ought to pay for itself in due time, on the terms of the mortgage, which Mr. Swett gave me, but I will not go into details at present. Suffice it to say they are easy, far beyond the average of mortgages—giving, practically, unlimited time.

The Home, as originally incorporated, depended, aside from what the farm might produce, upon charity for support. Mr. Swett did not like the prospect of continuous solicitation of aid, and wished to devise a plan more self-supporting. He conceived the idea of combining a school for deaf-mute children with the Home, thereby securing State aid in its behalf. Investigation showed that there were over a hundred deaf-mute children in the county (Essex) who were or would soon be of suitable age to be instructed—some of them, enough to start the concern, in the immediate vicinity. It was found, however, that the State could not recognize a school under the existing act of incorporation, and this was therefore laid aside and a new incorporation secured with the necessary provisions. The next legislature will be asked to amend the acts relating to deaf-mute institutions as to include this one, and will doubtless do so. Meantime, as I understood it, the school was to be opened in November following, and Professor Ralph H. Atwood, of Newburyport, formerly of the Ohio and Arkansas Institutions, was to be instructor, while Miss Nellie Swett, a hearing daughter of the superintendent, and well acquainted with the sign-language, was to act as his assistant, or as an independent teacher, as circumstances might dictate.

The original idea of an Industrial Home would now seem to be done away with; but it has only been merged into the new institution; the idea of a Home for the unemployed (not the infirm and disabled) is still retained by employing the present inmates as servants and laborers, and increasing their number as the institution grows. Whether any changes have taken place, or how far the new plan has progressed, I am not aware, but the above was the state of the case at the time of my visit last summer. Mr. Swett is a busy man, and finds little time to write, so he said, and so was it apparent, but I would suggest to him that, during the coming winter, when he will have rather more leisure, he let us know, through the columns of the JOURNAL, from time to time, just how he is getting along, and not allow his modesty to prevent him because he is the present head of the establishment, and must needs say "I," once in a while as he writes.

OBSERVER.

A QUIET AFFAIR.

An Emphatic Quarrel Between a Couple of Deaf-Mutes.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

GREENSBURG, IND., October 20.—Elizabeth and John Goodwin are deaf and dumb, and have grown gray as man and wife; but their family jars would shame to death the loudest speaking couple in a very short time. John accused Elizabeth of marital infidelity the other day. He will hardly ever do it again, though. She first tried to brain him with an ax, but failing in this, knocked him down and bound him to the floor, and scalded his neck with coffee. He burst his bonds and retaliated by blacking her eye. She arose, and with Amazonian strength smote him with a stick of wood, laying him out. She then had him jailed and fined for assault this afternoon, but failed to have him bound over to keep the peace.

Elizabeth will have nothing more to do with her liege lord, and will sue for a divorce. John will resist, but will show her relations with two well-known gentlemen of this city, so he says, and in the event of the success of his wife's suit he will ascend the golden elevation by "pien." The suit, if brought, will develop an unusual amount of nastiness. Both are rather aged, and should know better.

—It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEWS FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 14, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Allow me to present my compliments to Bella L., and thank her for the honor she has conferred upon us, the "Tories." Well, what is in a name? The Tories were generally noble and chivalrous, though mistaken men, and I suppose that that is the reason why Miss Bella chooses to call us so. If so, she is right, for we assuredly do retain the most chivalrous feelings towards the ladies; but there is one point where the names do not exactly fit. She calls herself and the other girls Whigs. Now, in olden times the Tories were the sworn enemies of the Whigs, while we assuredly are not those of the newly-created modern ones. However, Miss Bella may have judged from her own feelings towards the Tories, so I will say no more about it except that she must have felt pretty cheap the day that her puff appeared in the JOURNAL, for on that day the Tories went on an excursion to Atlantic City, and enjoyed it as much if not more than the Whigs did there.

Several days before the event just mentioned it began to be whispered among the boys that something was going to occur outside of the regular dull routine of school life, and notwithstanding those who were in the secret kept it with commendable tenacity, the others succeeded in ferreting it out, and from that time until the doors of the institution closed behind our backs the school was in a hubbub. Lessons were gone through imperfectly, or not at all, and nothing was talked of but the anticipated pleasure.

On Wednesday, the 8th inst., the boys' uniforms were given out. They are of thick, but fine, gray cloth, the coats being buttoned up to the chin with brass buttons, which have the seal of Pennsylvania stamped on them. The unmentionables have a narrow strip of black braid running down the legs, and the caps have the initials "D. D. I." sewed on the front. These uniforms are pronounced by visitors very pretty, but the boys do not take to them very well.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear, and, although we were not to start before seven o'clock, we were all up before four. After breakfast uniforms were donned, and at seven sharp we started for the river, each class going by itself, and were ferried over to Camden, where we took the train. Not much of interest occurred on the way down. The country through which we passed so swiftly was simply beautiful, and no better time could possibly have been chosen. The forest trees were clothed in their gorgeous autumn robes of many hues, and the broad grassy plains, interspersed with the pretty caliche, drew forth exclamations of wonder and delight from all present.

Arriving, we put up at the Pavilion Hotel, where we refreshed the inner man, then some of the teachers, clubbing together, hired a couple of yachts and took their classes out for a sail on the briny deep. Your correspondent's teacher was not present, but he was kindly invited to join one of the other classes, which invitation he accepted with pleasure. We had a delightful sail, going out six miles, and the pupils showed themselves pretty good sailors, only one contributing anything towards old Neptune's support, though several others showed a suspicious whiteness about the gills. Returning to terra firma, we walked along the beach until we came to a place where a large ship, which was recently blown ashore, lay almost buried in the sand. Here we stopped, and Professor Walker, mounting one of the stout oak stumps, delivered a lecture on the terrors of the sea which was received with great applause. We returned in the evening, thoroughly tired, having enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content.

We are indebted for the trip to Mr. D. M. Zimmerman, secretary and treasurer of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, who allowed us free transportation. In return for his kindness the secretary of the Pupils' Association drew up a vote of thanks, which was signed by all the officers, and directed to his address.

John Zeigler and Miss Annie Shay, both former pupils of this institution and residents of this city, have been made one. The girdian knot was tied on the last day of September, and Jack has bid good-bye to bachelor joys for ever. May they, in their journey together over the ocean of life, be accompanied by many "squalls," yet never meet a storm.

Theodore Elwell, formerly a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, frequently visits this institution. It is rumored that he intends to start a school for deaf-mutes in this city, and run it on his own hooks. I wish him success.

On account of the carelessness of a clerk in the legislature, the bill appropriating \$24,000 towards the support of this institution did not reach the Governor, and therefore failed to become a law. After much deliberation, the directors decided to open the institution as usual, but in order to tide it over the difficulties until the next session of the legislature, which will take place in 1881, they have been obliged, though much against their will, to make an appeal to the people of Pennsylvania for assistance. The heating, cooking, and washing by steam has been begun, and has proved a success.

The Chirological Literary Society

has been re-organized, Samuel G. Davidson being elected president, Jesse O. Dolph vice-president, and James S. Reider secretary.

Mr. Foster, the principal, is again troubled with a severe cough, but is still able to go about his duties with his accustomed regularity.

It has been decided to teach lithography for three years more, as an experiment. Some of the members of the class show remarkable improvement, and two of them are now engaged on a large picture of Lancaster city, and are to receive twenty cents for every two hours' work.

I think that I have bored your readers long enough, so, giving three cheers for the JOURNAL, I will close.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOEL TURNER.

WEST RANDOLPH, Vt., Oct. 17, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This morning I bade farewell to my friend Mr. Thomas Brown, at West Henniker, N. H., with a sad heart on account of the condition of his health.

This afternoon found me at this station, where the Rev. Mr. Taylor met me, and allotted me a home at Mr. Ferdinand H. Beecher's residence. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher gave me a cordial welcome.

To-night a happy service for deaf-mutes has been held in St. John's Church, which was very well filled, there being five deaf-mutes present. I will give you their names: Mr. Willard Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand H. Beecher, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Lillie, all of this place. The service was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, the rector, and the writer.

Mr. Beecher, whose guest I am, has had a very productive vegetable garden this year which has supplied him with eighteen bushels of potatoes, large quantities of cabbages, turnips, etc. He works in a large furniture factory opposite his house. He says he has had the largest garden this year that he ever had in his life. Last spring he raised fifty chickens. He says he got one hundred eggs from seven White Leghorn hens in January in spite of the cold winter. He expects to get several times as many next winter.

Mr. Willard Martin is still doing well in this place. He is called a fast runner and a strong wrestler. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher are blessed with two sprightly speaking daughters, who, I hope, be a great comfort to them if they live.

About three years ago while Mr. Beecher was sewing she felt that something was wrong, and went out to see if anything was the matter. She soon discovered her oldest daughter sitting on the railroad track, a hundred feet distant. She had the presence of mind to run and save the child. The locomotive passed by her the very moment she got off the track with her child in her arms. The engineer said she and the child would have been instantly killed a second later. He could not stop the engine in time. He thought the child was a newspaper on the track the very moment that her dress caught his attention. A rail was badly turned up in the same place whence she was rescued by her brave mother, and a new one laid in its place. The locomotive only passed, touching her dress, but not her body.

Mr. John O. David, of Amherst, N. H., who officiates for the Boston Deaf-Mute Society once a month, last July or August gave some Scripture illustrations, and repented the Lord's prayer by signs in the Congregational Church in this place without the knowledge of the deaf-mute inhabitants. I wonder that he did not give them notice.

I would have made a last flying visit to George Kent in Amherst, N. H., but I was so much pressed for time that I could not, which I regret.

It is so late, and makes me feel so sleepy, that I must retire now.

I go to St. Albans, Vt., at 5:20 to-morrow morning.

Yours sincerely,
JOEL TURNER.

A LETTER FROM JOEL.

ODESSA, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I thought that I would send you some news for a brief space in your valuable paper if I could write what would be interesting to your readers.

Last week Saturday afternoon I drove down to Watkins to invite Russell Smith to ride up to Bradford and visit Jacob Shuster and his family. But Russell could not leave his business at all because he is preparing to start for the West on the 22d inst. His mother and sister are going to move to Nebraska with him. Russell says that he will stop in Chicago for a little while to make a visit, then take a train to Council Bluffs, Ia. His mother and sister will have to leave him at Chicago, and go alone to Nebraska. We shall sadly miss our dear friend Russell from Watkins, N. Y., but we hope that his heart will be so brave, strong, and true that I am sure that he will go through life in a good and happy way. He will gain the hearty congratulations of many new friends west.

Then I invited John Dougherty, who accepted, to take a pleasant ride with me to Jacob Shuster's place. We left Watkins at 4 p. m., and arrived at the house of Jacob Shuster, fifteen miles from Watkins, at 7:30. We pleasantly surprised Jacob and his wife while they were eating supper. Jacob said that his wife did not think that I would come, but he told her that I would come as he expected. Jacob says that he always loves to talk with mutes in signs. He is very fond of news and fun. We enjoyed

talking with them on various subjects till bedtime. Mr. Shuster and his wife were very kind to give me nearly a bushel of nice hickory nuts. They have plenty of hickory trees on their place. They said that some mischievous boys were stealing nuts.

My two brothers and myself caught 150 good-sized black bass near Big Stream, on Seneca Lake, last week. I am going to Seneca Lake, near Elbridge, to fish next Tuesday with our minister. He wants to go with me. I would like very much to fish with you if you were here.

JOEL.

DEATH OF MOSES PAGE.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Oct. 20, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Moses Page, my brother, who died at his residence the 12th of last March in Willimantic, Conn., aged 46 years, was born in Hollis, York county, Me., in 1828.

Our community in this city, and Saco, was shocked by the intelligence of the sudden death of Moses Page. He was the agent of the Windham Cotton Manufacturing Company in Willimantic, where he lived until his death, resulting from diphtheria. His illness was so brief that it was not generally known throughout this city and Saco. He complained of his throat feeling badly and aching of the bones. As he was getting better on the following day, he was about his business until the next day afternoon, when he went home, and his disease rapidly developed into diphtheria.

Mr. Page first went to Willimantic in the spring of 1864, and filled the position of superintendent for the Windham company until 1869, when he resigned the position, and went to Chicopee Falls, Mass., and from there to Slaterville, R. I. The position of agent of the Windham company, made vacant by the death of Mr. Tracy, in 1874, was tendered Mr. Page and accepted, and he went there the following July and entered upon his duties as agent.

Mr. Page was a well-known citizen both in Biddeford and Saco, and was a man of sterling worth of character, honest, upright in business, always true to his conviction of duty, pleasant, affable in manner and conversation, and held in high esteem by a large circle of acquaintances. The loss to his family and relatives was deeply felt. His funeral took place from his late residence. He was buried at Chicopee Falls, where his family are living.

Yours truly,
J. W. PAGE.

STIRRING UP OLD HASPI.

MOSCOW, O., Oct. 17, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Allow me room in your highly appreciated paper to reply to the voice from Kentucky.

Excuse me, but I cannot withhold my feelings of amazement and shame at seeing such a sentiment expressed by "Mercury," who yet pretends to possess more knowledge about some of the things that happened outside of his State. Permit me to say that it is wholly unworthy my cherishing except that I am really happy to hear that he is comfortably surrounded with a pretty wife and two independent children. It will be noticed that he is a resident outside of Ohio, as well as educated outside, and was not present to witness the proceedings of the convention, especially the election of officers, in which he has evidently become interested for better or for worse. Where did he get the information? Did the papers in Kentucky give the result of the election? Instead of crossing the river as an enemy he might have given Mr. and Mrs. Vance a friendly call, inquiring about anything connected with the convention.

The convention would have nothing to do with John or Tom Smith. Who are they? Did "Mercury" mean John Smith, a pedlar of Kentucky, and Tom Smith, a well-known drunkard of Kentucky? From my long acquaintance with Mr. Joseph H. Vance, as well as from the views of his many admirers, I will say that he would have been elected as surely as the late Governor Joseph Vance, of Ohio. My belief is, that he was the best man for the place who could be named with any prospect of success. I deny the charge that he considered himself a candidate for many months, or he would have arranged to make the contest hot during the campaign. I take just pride in saying that he is blessed with abundance of friends, who naturally solicited the use of his name in connection with the highest office, though no work was yet done to pull the bull by the horns. Your correspondent does not know that the friends of the would-be president are among the majority, electing the other college boys because they are too proud to run him for the second place. My advice to "Mercury" would be to try to get up a similar convention in his State, of which he might become one of the officers with my best wishes for success.

Yes, I am free to say that Mr. Vance knows everything about the affair which resulted in Mr. Barriek's retirement that eventually induced the continuance of Mr. Vance's presence and watchfulness, but it is, happily, a fact, well-known to the citizens of Ohio and even to your correspondent, that he has not and will not allow himself to be influenced so as to unite with others against Mr. Barriek. It may be well remembered that Mr. Vance was not among those who naturally followed Mr. Barriek, but I am thankful that his friendship with Mr. Barriek has continued uninterrupted, which has reminded me of brotherly love.

"Mercury" denies the raid I mentioned only from many evidences, but my conscience, as a citizen of Ohio, and a friend of the gentlemen and ladies re-

ferred to, has prompted me to stick to my suggestion because he continues making unreasonable remarks against them for no cause whatever.

It now seems certain that Mr. Barriek, since his retirement, has remained quiet and happily yielded to his many admirers' wishes, as a most gratifying evidence of their friendship and confidence. From my own observation, he makes an excellent shepherd, for his flock has started out in prosperity, with the assurance that they remain faithful to him. He is evidently fond of being among his friends, at different times cheering and comforting them in their loneliness, and conveying to them such tokens of kindness as assure them of his interest in them. May his untiring efforts be crowned with success.

CHRISTIE.

WATKINS CORRESPONDENCE.

WATKINS, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The rich autumnal shadows fall, the leaves in the forest are yellow, and birds fly in many flocks for the South, singing, "Autumn has come." This has reminded me of the approaching close of the pleasure season. Tourists are preparing to leave town for shelter in the large cities. Altogether, the days of October have inspired me with much blessedness, and abundant news, which I will submit to the columns of your paper to please your readers.

On the 4th inst. Messrs. Joel E. Andrews and John Dougherty made a comforting visit to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shuster, of Bradford, N. Y., and stayed there until Monday morning, when they brought home nearly a bushel of nuts for winter. They reported that the Shusters were proceeding very cheerfully, and might also be proud of their son because he is a skillful inventor, and proposed to solicit patents on his inventions, which were very liable to elevate him to the rank of wealth. One of his inventions is a plow to drain for ditches, with a small machine at the beam, and the plows can be arranged to a depth of three feet by screws at the beams. The other is a machine for churning. The machine works somewhere opposite the churn, and the wheels can be run by the clock-weight at churning. The hired girl need not work at it, but can attend to her washing, cooking, and house work, and when she sees that the butter is done she must immediately stop the machine. May he have abundant success with them.

Mr. Joel E. Andrews should add to his biography that he is the most expert fisherman in the world because he recently caught one hundred and fifty fish in company with two relatives near Big Stream, some seven miles north of Watkins. He concluded that he would again go fishing beyond Glen Eldridge, which was the scene of our pleasant re-union picnic. It is generally recommended that he should not try to catch a skeleton fish.

Mr. John Dougherty, of this place, is well known to be one of the best shoemakers in Schuyler county. He was very much credited because all of his work was awarded the first premium at our late county fair. He contemplates going to Philadelphia next winter. He was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution, and left there in 1865. His many friends in Philadelphia will be pleased to learn such news, and will welcome him to the City of Brotherly Love.

The summer-resort hotels are to be closed next month. The proprietors feel very grateful at the result during the past season, and expect again to see such a successful campaign next year. A good number of deaf-mutes have been through the famous Glen during the past season. Although the Glen will, perhaps, be the scene of awful loneliness on account of its cut pathways and moving bridges, next winter, the mysterious stream unceasingly flows, and the further the pilgrim goes the more he will gaze at the falls and into the sacred pools, watching the boiling bubbles, playing to the surface, which will swell his thoughts with everything of wisdom and piety. In fact, its mysteries can never tire the eyes and brains of a human being for years. In conclusion, the public, as well as the readers, will please not forget the fame of Watkins Glen simply because this letter is the last communication from Watkins, as I am going to leave here for the West to-morrow, should they come occasionally to explore the famous Glen, stroll in the streets of our beautiful place, and take pleasure in rowing over the lovely Seneca Lake, which will undoubtedly benefit them a great deal.

To-morrow I will leave here for Elmira, and sojourn there for twenty-four hours on business, and thence start for Council Bluffs, Ia., via Chicago, on Wednesday, expecting to reach Council Bluffs on the 24th. Stopping at the beautiful city of Chicago, I will see many of my deaf-mute friends, and view the beauties of that city.

I would like to waste a few words with my friends and old schoolmates. I do not know that I can find any meaning better than to extend my most hearty thanks to them for their generosity towards me, and also their ready co-operation to improve and elevate me in our general rank, and that I will not forget them, and, further, that they deserve a good share of the JOURNAL, and the success of that paper is very much desired.

After I shall settle at Council Bluffs I will send you another communication.

RUSSELL SMITH.

Never permit the most resolute curiosity, or the most friendly concern, to find the lowest depth of your character. Gain the reputation for reserve power by reserving it.

SUNDAY READING.

AT THE LAST.

BY MISS J. W. WINSTON.

"Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening."—Psalm clv., 23.

The stream is calmer when it nears the tide, The flowers are sweetest at the even-tide, And birds most musical at close of day, And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm, And weary man must ever love his rest, For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer; Footsteps of angels follow in her trace, To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose; There is a calm, a beauty and a power, That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toll, Plow life's stern furrows, dig the woody soil, Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way, And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide, Like summer evening, down the golden tide, And leave behind us, as we pass away, Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

Quiet Lives.

Christ's lowly, quiet workers unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning from the presence of God, and go to their business or household work. And all day long as they toil they drop gentle words from their lips, and scatter little seeds of kindness about them; and tomorrow flowers from the garden of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth, and along the hard paths of toil on which their feet tread.

More than once in the Scripture the lives of God's people in this world are compared in their influence to the dew. There may be other points of analogy, but specially noteworthy is the quiet manner in which the dew performs its ministry. It falls silently and imperceptibly. It makes no noise. No one hears it dropping. It chooses the darkness of the night when men are sleeping, and when no man can witness its beautiful work. It covers the leaves with clusters of pearls. It steals into the bosom of the flowers, and leaves a new cupful of sweetness there. It pours itself down among the roots of the grasses and tender herbs and plants.

And in the morning there is fresh beauty everywhere. The fields look greener, the gardens are more fragrant, all life glows in and sparkles with a new splendor. And there is no lesson here as to the manner in which we should seek to do good in this world? Should we not strive to have our influence felt rather than be seen or heard? Should we not scatter blessings so silently and so secretly that no one should know what hand droppeth them? The whole spirit of the gospel teaches this: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret." We are not to speak praise of men. We are not to do good deeds to receive reward of men. We are not to sound trumpets or announce our good deeds from the housetop.

The Value of a Fixed Heart.

If any of you are so wise that you know all the objections to Christianity, all the dark places which faith must encounter, all the dark sayings and perplexing mysteries of the gospel, remember that it is nothing to your credit. A wrecker who lives from the goods of foundered vessels and shipwrecked crews knows where all the dangerous rocks are along the coast, and he is always hovering about them. But the ship-master knows more about the channel than about the reefs. A calm, self-possessed captain of a vessel was asked, "Captain, I suppose you know where every rock and shoal is along this whole coast, do you not?" I know where they are not," was his reply, "which is the more important thing." Admirable answer. If your faith is fixed on God, and your heart is wedded to His service, you will know where the dangers and difficulties and mysteries and contradictions are not. Riding peacefully upon the great deeps of His love, your greatest joy will be that you no longer live by doubts, but by affirmations.—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

The fear of God is one thing, and godly fear quite another. The one is the dismay of terror—the other, the filial reverence of love. The one trembles for the safety of self; the other is solicitous for the honor of Jehovah. The one cries out, "I am afraid of God; whither can I flee from His sight?" The other says, in those grand, sweet words of St. Augustine, "I am afraid of God, therefore will I run to His arms."

Many of the Bible characters failed just in the things in which they were thought to be the strongest. Moses failed in his humility. Abraham in his faith. Elijah in his courage, for one woman scared him away to that juniper tree; and Peter, whose strong point was boldness, was so frightened by a maid, as to deny his Lord.—D. L. Moody.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything for themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.

There can be no better help against our own sins than to help our neighbor in the encounter with his.—George Macdonald.

The scales of justice are for the weighing of the transgressor.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Taking your suggestion, I rise and name Chicago as the place and August 11th, 1880, as the time for holding the coming national deaf-mute convention. I consider Chicago as the most central city in the United States that has the best means of access by railway from all directions of the Union.

Let us all have patience to wait until January 1st, when either one of the places, Chicago, Cincinnati, or Syracuse, is voted upon by a large majority, and whichever of the places is finally chosen in that way should be accepted and adopted without any dissatisfaction.

JNO. H. HARRIS.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 15, 1879.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is generally conceded to be the best, most newsworthy and high-toned weekly newspaper published for the deaf and dumb. It has the largest circulation of any paper of its kind, has a very large staff of intelligent and reliable correspondents throughout the world, and is considered remarkably cheap at \$1.50 a year. Subscribe without delay, try it for a year, and the price will be found to be well invested.

PROFESSOR JOEL TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1879.

Sunday,	Oct. 5.	Woonsocket, R. I.
Tuesday,	" 12.	Saco, Me.
Wednesday,	" 14.	Lowell, Mass.
Friday,	" 15.	Manchester, N. H.
Sunday,	" 17.	West Randolph, Vt.
Monday,	" 19.	St. Albans, Vt.
Wednesday,	" 20.	Potsdam, N. Y.
Thursday,	" 22.	Watertown, N. Y.
Friday,	" 23.	Mexico, N. Y.
Sunday,	" 24.	Rome, N. Y.
Tuesday,	" 26.	Albany, N. Y.
Wednesday,	" 28.	New Haven, Conn.
Thursday,	" 29.	Meriden, Conn.
Friday,	" 30.	Hartford, Conn.
Sunday,	Nov. 2.	Springfield, Mass.
Tuesday,	" 4.	Newport, R. I.
Wednesday,	" 5.	Fall River, Mass.
Friday,	" 7.	Plymouth, Mass.
Sunday, p. m.	" 9.	Boston, Mass.
evening	" 9.	Beverly or Salem, N. J.
Wednesday,	" 12.	Newark, N. J.
Thursday,	" 13.	Trenton, N. J.
Friday,	" 14.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sunday,	" 16.	Wilmington, Del.
Tuesday,	" 18.	Harrisburg, Pa.
Wednesday,	" 19.	York, Pa.
Thursday,	" 20.	Baltimore, Md.
Friday,	" 21.	Annapolis, Md.
Sunday,	" 23.	Washington, D. C.

He will then go to Brandy Station, Culpeper county, Va., not only to rest and visit his many good Virginia relatives for about two months, but also to prepare for his ordination, which will probably take place in Richmond, Va., on Sunday, January 11th, subject to the decision of Bishop Whittle, of the Diocese of Virginia.

He has been compelled by advice and time to give up Canada for the present.

If his good friends should want to write to him during December and January they should remember his address, Brandy Station, Culpeper county, Va.

SCIENCE WINS!

A SPLENDID SURGICAL OPERATION—SUCCESSFUL RESULT AND WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

SURGICAL OPERATION.—The operation of lithotomy (removal of stone from the bladder) one of the most severe and critical operations known to the science of surgery, was successfully performed on Thursday upon Mr. Henry H. Pitts, a merchant of this city, by Dr. David Kennedy. Several friends of the patient witnessed the operation. Mr. Pitts has suffered several years from this difficulty, but it was only a week before the operation that he was made aware of the real cause of his complaint. Recovery.—Mr. Henry H. Pitts has recovered from the effects incident to the operation, the closure of the wound being completed on the 18th day. His general health is good—better than it has been for years, while he is perfectly free from all those distressing symptoms so characteristic of the disease with which he suffered. Had this and similar cases used Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" in the early stages of the complaint the formation of stone would have been prevented. "Favorite Remedy" also purifies the blood, cures Constipation of the Bowels, and all those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to Females. This wonderful medicine is now for sale by all our druggists.

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